

low

the sun is
shooting through the window
again this morning
yet this is not a time
for exclamation,
I feel the beard moving out of my face
 I feel low pains in my back
 I feel too many cigarettes
 and the sun
blinds me for an instant,
I feel a
pure lack of profundity
almost a selfishness of purpose
 this writing.

fruit

my cigarette package
is red and black
 (satanic colors)
 on white.
this signals my death

I have been told
by the gay demon of insight
 (a nervous man)
to maintain my freedom
or cancer cometh again.

I believe him
though he rubs my middle finger
 like a cherry

there is
this duck quacking
somewhere in 'the neighborhood'

it is the only
human thing I hear
lately